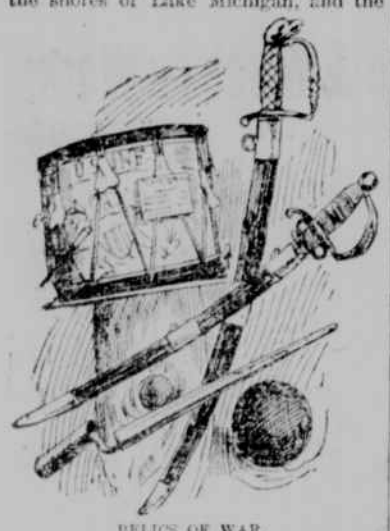
GOING TO CHICAGO

LIBBY PRISON TO BE RE-ERECTED THERE BRICK BY BRICK.

The Scheme Has Been Revived and Will Now Be Swiftly Carried Through—The Old Structure to Be Made the Nucleus of a Great Museum—Old Curiosities.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—It is at last settled that old Libby prison is to come to Chicago; that it will be erected, brick by brick, beam for beam, just as it now stands, just as it stood when the war closed and the prisoners marched out. A Chicago company has bought the prison building, and has formed for its future a plan which is of genuine national interest. First the old prison is to be brought to this city by two trains of cars. Every part of the building will be photographed in sections, the sections lettered, and each component brick and stick will be marked with a number. Thus the old building will arise anew on the shores of Lake Michigan, and the



RELICS OF WAR.

superintending architect promises that every surviving prisoner who left his name or the crude pictorial imprint of his hours of patience upon those walls—which have voices if not ears—will, after the migration of a thousand miles and the lapse of a quarter of a century, be able to find those records just as he left them.

Libby prison in Chicago will become the nucleus of a great national museum of the late war. I use the word national advisedly. It will not be a sectional enterprise. Relics and mementoes of the brave armies of the Confederacy and of her almost innumerable heroes will be given even prominence with those from the north.

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The chief organizing spirit of this enterprise is Mr. C. F. Gunther, a Chicago merchant. It is a noteworthy, a surprising fact that this young man, for he is only 40, and this youngest of the great cities, already possess the most extensive and valuable collection of rare manuscripts, books, autograph letters and articles of historic and curious interest on the continent. Mr. Gunther is among the few really great private collectors in the world. His collection is one of the sights of Chicago. Above his store in the heart of the city is a room probably 200 feet by 40. It is literally filled with rare and curious things which some time ago amazed so distinguished and critical a visitor as Charles Dudley Warner, who expressed his admiration throughout several pages of Harper's Magazine. This museum is free to the public, and the visitors are numbered by thousands.

THE SKIN OF THE SERPENT.

"But this is not a beginning of what I have," said Mr. Gunther. "I have enough articles of rare and curious value to fill ten such floors as these. This building is fireproof, except as against a conflagration which destroys a city; but for prudence sake I keep my most valuable collections in vaults."

"How long have you been in making this ravel-on collection?"

"Only fifteen years," responded Mr. Gunther smilingly; "but you know we Chicago men have the reputation of doing things quickly."

"And you must have expended large sums of money?"

"I do not know how much I have spent. I do not want to know. I never give any thought to that part of it. If I did I might be frightened at my own lavishness."

* * *

I have heard good judges estimate that for his vast collection Mr. Gunther must have expended in all more than half a million dollars. Perhaps this is too high, but with thousands upon thousands of articles which have cost from $1 to $1,000, the aggregate sum must, indeed, be a large one. I asked Mr. Gunther to name his most valuable article.

"For an autograph of Shakespeare," said he, "the only one in America, I paid $1,000. Twenty thousand dollars would not buy it."

Mr. Gunther has correspondents all over the world, who daily send him lists of curio for sale. His representatives attend all the auction sales of such articles, the world over. His reputation as an indefatigable, liberal collector has thus become world wide.

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Not in a hundred such columns as these could a list of Mr. Gunther's most noteworthy articles be given. But some brief mention will enable the reader to grasp the extent and scope of this incomparable collection. Think of all the noted men and women of history, Noah, Moses and Alexander the Great, perhaps, excepted, and there you find something which their hands have touched. Here is spread before us a miniature panorama of all recorded time, something which breathes the personality or genius of all great historic figures. Here is a box made of wood taken from John Milton's house; hundreds of ancient Bibles, in all languages—Bibles printed or written; manuscripts which carry one back almost to the patriarchs; maps which were made before America was dreamed of; a gorgeously illuminated "Plutarch's Lives," made in 1524; an ancient Greek jar fished up by sponge fishers from the Straits of Salamis, wherein it was sunk 480 B. C.; ancient Roman and Aztec sandals; scale armor worn by Cortez's, conquering soldiers—suits of mail composed of many hundreds of little shields of sheet metal; an Aztec sacrificial bowl a thousand years old, on which may still be seen the stain of blood from human victims; old English jack boots three centuries old: queer, great or beautiful swords from all times and nations; a mummified Indian baby found in a tree top in Montana, probably a century old, but with the infantile expression still upon its countenance and its little hands sweetly folded upon its breast; ghastly relics of the torture room of the Spanish inquisition; chain armor which some knight proudly bore 500 years ago; a piece of Shakespeare's crab tree; old state documents from England and France, ominous looking things with wax seals upon them as big as soup plates; rare paintings by the hundred, including such prizes as Clouet's oil portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, painted from life; a vest worn by Napoleon the Great; embroidery fashioned by the hand of Elizabeth; the carved dress sword of King Henri of France; Gen. Putnam's pitchfork; innumerable relics of Washington; an original portrait of Montezuma painted by a Spanish monk in 1530; the only painting of burning Chicago painted from sketches made on the spot; the only original portrait of Shakespeare in America; stacks of ancient choral books, hand printed, beautifully illuminated with letters three inches square, so that many singers could read from one book.

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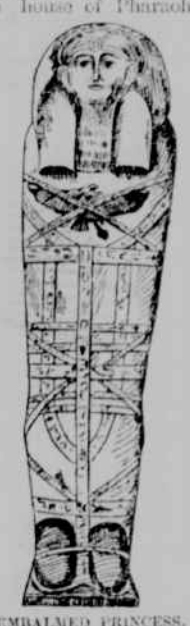
A center of attraction is one of the princesses of the house of Pharaoh. Here, in the midst of Chicago's hurly-burly, one may gaze upon a princess whose beauty commanded the homage of kings who reigned a thousand years before Alexander conquered the world—a beautifully embalmed princess, whose mummy was taken from the tombs at Thebes a few years ago. As Mr. Gunther eloquently says: "With the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens this very princess may have walked to the bath along the banks of the Nile on that historic day when from the waters was lifted the infant Moses, whose laws were to be the foundation of empires. She may have watched with curiosity, if not with interest, the career of that wonderful foundling. If the lips which we in Chicago may now gaze upon could open and speak they might tell of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt and of the pursuit by Pharaoh's hosts."



EMBALMED PRINCESS.

The article which brings most astonishment to the visitor is a piece of brown and purple skin pasted upon framed parchment. Attached to it are large red seals, accompanied by hieroglyphics which only the scholars are able to decipher, and above all this startling inscription:

SKIN OF THE SERPENT

THAT TEMPTED EVE IN THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

It was killed by Adam the following day after the treason.

Adam hit it with a club, of which traces are still left.

This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia.

The genuineness is attested by the doctors of divinity, whose seals are attached.

The visitor is fairly in a humor to have faith in all things purporting to come from the misty past, even in this piece of skin from the serpent which was the root of all evil, but Mr. Gunther blandly informs us that the frame, skin, inscription, seals and all, hung for centuries in an old French church whose worshipers believed as devoutly in the authenticity of the relic as they believed in their Saviour. The learned doctors of divinity vouched for the genuineness of the relic. Mr. Gunther does not.

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There is no end to the long list of autograph letters and original manuscripts. In this part of the collection one finds himself communing in thought with John Bunyan, Shakespeare, Pope, Luther, Calvin, Mary Queen of Scots, Hugo, Keats, Tasso, Davy Crockett, Goethe, Cromwell, Napoleon, Angelo, Macaulay, Catharine of Russia, Marie Antoinette, Franklin, John Brown, Cardinal Richelieu, Red Jacket (his mark), a proof corrected by Walter Scott, an original Rembrandt, a pen and ink drawing from the hand of Hogarth. These are a few of the many hundreds of such treasures.

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Dear to the heart of the collector are "first things." What other collection possesses two such prizes as the first patent issued by the United States and the first United States green-

APPOMATTOX TABLE.

back? The first greenback lies here—A-1-1; the first patent hangs near by, signed by George Washington, all pen written, there then being no blank form, and the patentee being Samuel Hopkins, of Philadelphia, for an improvement in making potash and pearl. Here, too, is a copy of America's first newspaper, the first brick made and used in Chicago (how juvenile yet significant this fifty-five years old brick seems), the first stove used in America (1693), the first Scotch Bible, the first Irish Bible, America's first printed book with music (City of Mexico, 1604), the first German dictionary (1470), the first English law book (1490), the first prayer book ever printed (1480), and hundreds of other "first things" of equal interest.

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Here exists already an admirable nucleus for the war museum that is to be. The Appomattox table on which Lee and Grant drew up the paper which ended the war attracts general attention. An autograph letter of Gen. Grant certifies to the identity of this table. Here is a silver dollar taken from the pocket of Jefferson Davis when he was captured; the identical half dollars which held down the lids of Abraham Lincoln's eyes the night of his death; original manuscripts from the Confederacy archives; innumerable relics of Lincoln, including the original of his last and most famous dispatch to Grant:

CITY POINT, April 7, 1865—11 a. m.

Lieut. Gen. Grant:

Gen. Sheridan says: If the thing is pressed I think that Lee will surrender. Let the thing be pressed. A. LINCOLN.

The collection of army newspapers and of notable editions of northern and southern journals is large and interesting. There are sections of trees from the battlefields of Shiloh, Stone River and Chickamauga, cut twenty-five years after the war, and still showing the imbedded cannon shot. Scores of boxes of such relics of the war are ready to fill up the cases in Chicago's Libby Prison museum. WALTER WELLMAN.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A Correspondent Who Doesn't Believe in It—Speech of White Ghost.

ABERDEEN, D. T., Nov. 15.—"Don't talk to me about the intelligence of an Indian, don't try to fool the old man about the critters. He knows a Sioux Indian for a bloodthirsty rascal, mean and tricky as a snake in the natural state and a glutton and vagabond upon the reservation."

This speech was delivered the other morning by Jake Kinney, ex-freighter and "bull whacker," of this place, whose knowledge of the red men was acquired along in the seventies, when it cost 6 cents in gold to transport a pound of freight from Bismarck to Deadwood.

The audience he addressed was made up of citizens who had just returned from the depot where Sitting Bull, Gall, John Grass and the other chiefs of the Standing Rock bands had stopped for breakfast on their return trip from the Washington council.

Jake had refused to go near the Indians. "What!" he asked. "Do you think I would go down and help feed the vanity of that pack of assassins? No, sir. I've seen too much of them already. Three years on the Deadwood trail with a bull train would sicken most any one of the 'noble red man.' Many a friend along that wild road with whom I've eat, drunk or played 'sledge' on the up trip, I've helped bury on my way back, killed, perhaps, after housing and feeding a band of the cowardly ingrates. If you had seen the fiendish work I have, if you had driven up to a station upon the route and found the keeper's wife, as young and beautiful a woman as ever trod a prairie, dead, naked and bearing the marks of every indignity that the cunning of fiends could suggest; if you had brought out a settler from Deadwood, where he went for supplies a day or two before, to the ruins of his home and the mutilated bodies of the wife and children he had kissed and left in God's care; if you had seen these things, as I have time and again, I fancy you'd keep away from that depot, for fear you might shoot a few of the hounds."

Having thus delivered himself, the old frontiersman seemed to experience a reaction of feeling. He laughed heartily, drawing the long knife scar upon his right cheek into a most ludicrous pucker.

"Laughing at? Why I heard a fellow that just came up from the train telling what an intelligent fellow this John Grass is, statesman, orator, and all that, you know. Well, now, that's what amused me. I've heard a good deal about these Indians being good speakers, but I've never heard a good one yet. I've been at their pow-wows in the hills, and heard them make their big licks at the agencies, but, if I'm a judge of what speaking is, there hain't no oratory in a sioux.

"Why, here a year or two ago I was down at Chamberlain on the 4th of July. A lot of bucks came over from the Brule agency. There was a big crowd in town, and, of course, every one went to crowding around the Indians. They caught right on, those Indians did. They formed a big circle and told the interpreter, who was along with them, to tell the crowd that White Ghost would 'talk to his brothers,' or some such palaver. Well, the crowd began to yell 'White Ghost, speech, speech!' just as if it was a political meeting, and White Ghost came out. You'd have thought he had something mighty important to say to see him walk out into the ring and look at the crowd. The interpreter went and stood near him, and then it began. Ghost pawed the air a minute and warbled out something like this:

"'Gobble to haw makee.'

"The interpreter says: 'White Ghost says that this is a great day.'

"Then White Ghost gobbled off some more of his talk.

"'White Ghost says,' repeated the interpreter, 'that there are many, very many people.'

"Then the old vagabond got excited: he swung his arms and sung the longest song yet. It sounded like a drunken man talking with a handkerchief in his mouth.

"The crowd thought this must be something interesting sure, and the Indians seemed to be deeply moved, for they grunted 'Ugh' all around the circle.

"Well, the interpreter got it off at last, and it ran like this:

"'White Ghost says that his white brothers are very rich; that the Indian has come from the reservation to see him, and that he will take flour, hams, sugar, tobacco, blankets and other things that the people may bring.'

"Ghost gobbled once more, and the interpreter said: 'White Ghost says he has done.' Well, you ought to have heard that crowd laugh. The old rascal was as solemn and impressive about his begging as if he was declaring war against the Crows, and the crowd thought they were getting real Indian eloquence, and so they were, for if a Sioux can't talk well on that subject he can't on any. I tell you, gentlemen, that all this rot about the wrongs of the Indian disgusts me. It makes me tired. I've seen the animal under most all circumstances and you can take my word for it, he deserves his fate—utter extinction from the face of the earth." FRANK P. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER ON TENORS.

NO OTHER PROFESSION DEMANDS SUCH REGULARITY OF LIFE.

Great Care Taken of His Valuable Throat. What the Public Thinks of Him—Fastidiousness in Regard to Physical Conditions—The Prima Donna.

"There has been," says Sims Reeves in his autobiography, "for some time past a decided fall in tenors; not that there is no demand for the article, but because the demand which really exists cannot be supplied. For in art the great principle which rules in commerce does not hold good. On the contrary, instead of the demand creating the supply, it is the supply which creates or at least stimulates the demand. Quotations for first rate prima donnas were never so high as they are now, yet never before were prima donnas so numerous. No one, on the other hand, goes to the opera to hear a tenor simply because there are none of the highest distinction to hear.

HIS VALUABLE THROAT.

"Think how every tenor, who wishes at all times to do his best, must regulate his life, must protect his valuable throat against all possible and impossible draughts. He eats in the most sparing manner, when all London sets him down as a glutton; drinks nothing but claret and water, when by universal consent he is a flaming, fiery drunkard. You get your feet wet, are hoarse, and are well the next day. The more delicate, more susceptible tenor gets his feet wet, is hoarse and is not well the next day; and so long as he is unable to sing not only loses his money—if he happens to be a concert singer—but is usually regarded as an impostor, because he frankly and conscientiously declines to torture the ears of a public he has been in the habit of delighting. Tenors have their faults like other men. But they can scarcely, with any fairness, be accused of irregular habits. There is no profession, indeed, which demands such absolute regularity of life, such punctuality in the performance of duties, as that of the actor, and above all, of a singer, who, besides his general health, has his voice—often a very delicate one—to think of. Indeed, the care the tenor takes of himself amounts in many cases to fastidiousness.

"When he is on his travels, especially in our capricious, changeable climate, the tenor does really incur risks, and the care these delicate voiced singers are obliged to take of their valuable throats is something incredible to those who have not witnessed it. There are some tenors who seem to keep themselves constantly enveloped, as if in cotton wool, and I have known more than one who would not start even on the shortest journey but he must take with him a collection of scarves, wrappers and other bandages. Notwithstanding some drawbacks, the position of a tenor is, all the same, a fine one, and if the great tenors are disappearing it cannot be said that such enthusiasm as they were wont to excite is now called forth by baritones or basses.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

"The prima donna is not only as great a favorite as ever, but is often the only member of an operatic cast to whom every sort of favor is shown. For her exclusively is reserved the admiration which was formerly shared by the prima donna, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass. In these matters there is no dictating to the public; but, whatever the fact may signify, a fact it is that, whereas Mme. Patti, Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Albani and Mme. Gerster are sought for in all countries, and travel in the character of stars to the most distant lands, none in any part of the world seem to care much for the voice of any tenor, baritone or bass now on the Italian operatic stage."

Amateurs and struggling genius will do well to ponder over these remarks about singing masters. "I should like," says Mr. Sims Reeves, "to make a short digression, and comment on the great evils arising from the pretensions of musical quacks, who offer to teach singing without possessing one of the necessary qualifications; indeed, I could count the really clever professors of singing on my fingers. A carpenter, house painter, or any other mechanic has to serve an apprenticeship in order to learn his craft, but all that the charlatan professor of singing requires is a brass door plate, and an unlimited amount of 'cheek.'

"Many a voice, which was naturally sweet and sympathetic, has been irreparably ruined by this system; yes, and I regret to say, the monstrous evil is growing, by means of advertisements, which offer nursery musical aspirants lessons at a rate less than is paid for the most ordinary kind of mechanical labor. With teachers professing to hold conservatoire diplomas and to be able to teach proper production of voice and phrasing, within a given time, at a less price than vermin powder costs, good singers ought to be plentiful, but unfortunately the reverse holds good; we have few eminent vocalists, and unquestionably it is not for the lack of good voices."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Abram S. Hewitt's War Services.

When the war broke out Mr. Hewitt placed his services at the disposal of the government at Washington. He was not fitted either by nature or training for military position, but he possessed a technical knowledge of iron manufacture and remarkable skill in diplomacy which made his services of far greater value to the government than if he had been a graduate of West Point or Annapolis. On two occasions he was sent abroad by President Lincoln as the accredited representative of the government. On both occasions he was the bearer of letters from Secretary Stanton to Minister Adams in London, who was directed to co-operate with Mr. Hewitt in everything that the latter did. When Secretary Stanton came into office he found himself confronted with a great civil war and discovered to his consternation that there was no gun iron made in the country. The position of the government was a perilous one. Mr. Hewitt's technical knowledge of the manufacture of iron made his services in this juncture of great value. It was necessary to have the gun barrels made here and the secret of their manufacture must be discovered.

When he arrived in England Mr. Hewitt adroitly managed to effect an entrance into the gun iron works of the Marshall Iron company. Visitors were not allowed to enter the works and he had to resort to strategy in order to effect his purpose. He watched the process of making gun iron, mastered it, and on his return home introduced it into the United States.

With several large mills under his control Mr. Hewitt immediately set to work to make gun iron, and with such success that he produced all that was used during the last three years of the war. In the making of this gun iron Mr. Hewitt extricated the government at Washington from an exceedingly embarrassing position and enabled it to place arms quickly in the soldiers' hands. Not only did Mr. Hewitt make no profit on his work, but he actually incurred a heavy loss. The secretary of war offered to secure him indemnity, but Mr. Hewitt declined it, as he also did the proposition that congress should tender him a vote of thanks.—New York Times.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Her Early Education, Personal Appearance, Home Life and Literary Work.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Among the popular writers of the present day, none have delineated more forcibly and correctly the peculiar phase of Puritanic New England life, and the quaint characteristics of the true Yankee of the past and present generations than Rose Terry Cooke, whose graceful, versatile pen, ready wit and keen insight into human nature have won for her a name and fame among the best writers of the age. Not only has she the rare gift of being a most instructive and entertaining writer, and of making her characters seem to the reader to be real personages, acting and speaking according to their own individual characteristics, instead of being automatic machines to be moved by the writer, like figures on a chess board, but she possesses the gift of poesy as well, many of her poems furnishing unmistakable proof of her acquaintance with the muses. She has a versatile genius, an aesthetic taste, which must be inborn in an individual in order to win distinction or success in the realm of fancy, whether it be in the department of romance or of song.

She was born in Wethersfield, Conn., and has always made New England her home. She is of the best stock of which that land can boast, her ancestors for many generations having been known for their strict religious principles, culture, wealth and high social standing in society. As an instance exemplifying the rigid regime under which her education was commenced, Mrs. Cooke states that her mother took charge of her early studies, and that at 3 years of age she could read intelligibly; while before the age of 6 years her daily task in study was to memorize a column in Walker's dictionary, spell and define the words correctly, and write sentences in which each word thus defined was properly used. On Sundays she was required to repeat a psalm and a hymn to her father.

When 10 years of age, her parents removed to Hartford, occupying a fine residence on Prospect street. She then entered the Hartford Female seminary under the charge of Mr. John P. Brace, who was a noted teacher of that period, and who had among his pupils, several years previous while in Litchfield, Conn., the one who subsequently became the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Financial reverses overtaking her father, she was obliged to graduate as early as practicable at the seminary in order to support herself by teaching. Her father entertained peculiarly stringent ideas with regard to her mingling in the society of young people, hence Rose Terry was taught that the society and attentions of young men were not to be tolerated by her, the restrictions thus put upon her causing her to become diffident in society and almost prudish in appearance, while she sought companionship in books and her own imagination, roaming in the region of fancy, and writing at this period many of her best poems.

* * *

Her first magazine work was for Putnam's Magazine, before she reached the age of 20. From this and other publications she became known to the readers of The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, etc. She has contributed to all the leading journals of the country, besides publishing several books of short stories, sketches and poems, and is soon to publish a new novel entitled "Steadfast," a story of New England life in colonial times. As an instance of the fallibility of the editorial verdict, with regard to the merit of a writer's efforts, and its gauging public appreciation, one of her best stories went the rounds of the best magazines of the country, being successively rejected until at last an editor was found who appreciated its worth to the extent of venturing upon its publication. It proved one of the greatest successes of her literary life, and was entitled "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy." Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke have resided most of the time in Winsted, Conn., at the old Cooke homestead, until a little more than a year since, when they returned to Pittsfield, Mass., where they have a beautiful home, one more congenial to the aesthetic taste of this woman of genius.

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Her husband, Mr. Rollin S. Cooke, is engaged in a private banking business. Mrs. Cooke has been welcomed to her new home by appreciative, loving hearts, and has found many warm friends among those personally strangers to her, yet who had long known and admired her through her writings. Her new home in the midst of the Berkshire hills is located in East street, in one of the most desirable parts of this charming village. This pleasant street is shaded by double rows of large, stately elm trees, and the well kept lawns extending from the buildings to the curb are diversified by flowers and shrubs.

Her house is bright and cheerful, containing many a choice piece of quaint old furniture and other relics of ancient manufacture, among which is her secretary of solid mahogany mounted on legs with singular brass ornamentations, while it contains the greatest conveniences in the form of pigeon holes, shelves, dainty drawers, and sly nooks and corners. Her library has a wide fire place, in which, when the air is sufficiently chilly to render a fire desirable, logs burn and crackle, sending cheerful flames dancing up the chimney, and casting a cheerful glow over the room and furniture.

Her parlor has a straw matting almost covered with large, soft rugs. The walls are adorned with various pictures, among which are some choice old engravings, a few water colors and a photograph of Beatrice Cenci, an untouched negative from Raphael's Madonna della Sedia. There is also a corner cupboard in one corner of the parlor, which is 120 years old, containing an ancestral dinner set of rare old Lowestoft China and a set of choice Saxony ware, presented to her by William C. Prime.

In one of the chambers is a four posted bedstead of carved oak, whose age, though unknown, is at least venerable, while the dressing case and stand in this room are known to be more than a hundred years old.

Her manuscript is always neat and legible, and she never rewrites or copies for the press. In personal appearance she is slightly above the medium height, slender in figure, graceful and easy in manner, has dark eyes that are bright and expressive of the kindness of the soul looking through them, a broad, high forehead, regular features and dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray.

She has small delicate hands; upon one finger she wears a gem, an iolite found in Connecticut soil—an old family relic much prized by her. In tint and appearance it much resembles the opal.

MRS. H. GIDDINGS PARK.

THE JEWEL OF CONTENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
That much in little—all in naught—content.
—Wellbye.

The Freight Engineer's Duties.

The freight engineman's every day thoughts are largely about the care of his engine and the perplexities incident to getting out of it the minimum amount of work with the maximum amount of fuel. The constant aim of his superiors is to have the engine draw every pound it possibly can. To haul a train up a long and steep grade when the cars are so heavily loaded that a single additional one would bring the whole to a dead standstill requires a knack that can be appreciated only by viewing the performance on the spot. Failure not only wastes time and fuel (it may necessitate a return to the foot of the hill or going to the top with only half the load), but it raises a suspicion that some other runner might have succeeded better. The runner whose engine "lays down on the road" (fails to draw its load because of insufficient fire and consequent low steam pressure) is liable to the jeers of his comrades on his return home, if not to some sharp inquiries from his superior.—B. B. Adams, Jr., in Scribner's Magazine.

Salutation on the Street.

When you are walking with your friend Brown, and the latter bows and smiles to an acquaintance on the other side of the street, watch Brown very closely and you will see his lips move as he says, barely above his breath, but loud enough for you, who are by his side, to hear: "How d'ye do?" The person he is addressing is entirely out of hearing, and Brown knows it, but he will murmur his query just the same. And when you have done wondering at his folly and meet an acquaintance to whom you wish to bow, note what you do yourself. No matter how far off your friend is, you'll murmur "How d'ye do?" just like Brown did, although you won't notice it unless you try to. If you don't do this you will be an extraordinary person, for scientists tell me that nine-tenths of the human race possess this eccentricity of accompanying a street salutation with this whispered query, which no one is intended to and certainly does not hear.—Chicago Journal.

Plurals for Awkward Names.

A young gentleman of scholarly mien the other day poked his head into the office of A. B. Wilgus & Co., and solemnly inquired of a stranger who happened to be sitting there, "Are any of the Wilgi in?" referring collectively to Mr. Wilgus and his sons, who are associated in business with him. He had evidently been a student of the classics—at any rate he had mastered his Latin grammar up to the second declension.

By the way, would it not be a movement in the direction of linguistic reform to generally adopt the Latin plural form for the English names that end in us, and whose English plural is awkward? Then, instead of holding caucuses we could hold cauci, and instead of kicking up rumpuses we would kick up rumpi. And, judging from some political events in the Twin Cities, it might be all the same whether we say cauci or rumpi in speaking of such things.—Pioneer Press.

How Few Are Rich.

It is probable, to say the least, that fully 90 per cent. of the whole body of the people spend nearly all that they earn; of this 90 per cent. a portion may, by setting aside a moderate part of their small earnings, become the owners of a house, or become depositors in a savings bank, or insure their lives in a moderate way; of the remaining 10 per cent a part save enough to protect themselves against want in their later years, and a very small part may become rich, and then need not work unless they choose.—Edward Atkinson in The Forum.

A New "Safety" Gun.

Experiments are being made in England with a new "safety" gun, made upon what is known as the Fletcher patent, and which is said to be capable of discharging sixty shells a minute silently and invisibly. The gun is discharged by steam or vapor at a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch. The gun weighs about one ton, and will carry several miles a 100 pound shell charged with the highest explosive, it is said. Besides this, it is alleged that it cannot burst, has no recoil, costs but £50,000, and can be made in three or four weeks.—New York Sun.

Influence of Head Lines.

Necessarily, head lines carry with them all the power and influence of the journal in which they appear. Sometimes they have even beyond this an influence and a power of their own. Occasionally a phrase, a catchword, a witticism, a nickname, is, as it were, inspired. It has a life and a mission beyond and independent of that of the sheet which first gave it currency. It may become the rally cry of a campaign, or a term of obloquy beneath which a man or party may sink to rise no more.—Charleston News and Courier.

A Harmless Mixture.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what is that nauseous mixture you are about to drink?"

"Absinthe and whisky, sir."

"Well, don't you know that whisky is a rank poison?"

"Yes, sir; but so is absinthe. The absinthe kills the whisky."

"But now about the absinthe?"

"Oh, the whisky kills that."—The Epoch.

A Well Grounded Suspicion.

Old Gent—Hello, Tom, what are you doing these days?

Tom—Collecting the money and keeping the books at Brown's. Why?

Old Gent (suspiciously)—Oh, nothing much. Only I thought from the style you were putting on you might be collecting the books and keeping the money.—So long!—Washington Post.

Japan's New Political Party.

A newly organized political party in Japan has for its programme: The reduction of the land tax, the abolition of centralization in the administration, the introduction of the volunteer system into the army, and the revision of the existing treaties, with the view of putting Japan on an equal footing with other powers in international intercourse.—Chicago News.

A Self Made Man.

It was a pithy compliment paid by a shrewd old Manchester man to one of these shoddy aristocrats when the latter boasted that he was "self made": "Weel, lad, if thou be a self made man, thou'st saved God Almighty an awfu' dirty job."—New York Times.

He who, meeting a pleasant temptation, stops to shake hands with it, will generally end by going with it wherever it chooses to lead him.

There are 3,000,000 women in the United States who work for wages.